

The Critic.

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Mr. McCarthy and his Fellow-Authors.

Few living writers of Ireland are so well known as the slender, spectacled man, with large head and beard streaked with gray, who set foot in New York last Saturday, to deliver a series of lectures in the United States. He had written various volumes of fiction—'The Waterdale Neighbors,' 'My Enemy's Daughter,' etc.—without attracting much attention; but in 1880 he published through the Harpers the second and concluding volume of 'A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880,' and the name of Justin McCarthy was made. It has been followed since by 'England under Gladstone.' These works are indeed extremely valuable as hand-books of facts for the greater part of the present century; there is mixed with the historical statement a certain proportion of criticism of policies, movements, men and things; but the writer had the tact to hold his hand before reaching the tiring point. Without attempting the impossible—namely, the philosophical discussion of the facts of Victoria's reign in a work all too short for the statement of events,—he contented himself with a number of rapid reviews such as a weekly of a higher class might demand once a year of the most capable member of its staff. Mr. McCarthy has neither the rounded periods of Macaulay nor the ponderousness of Freeman, neither Froude's thirst for sensation to the detriment of truth nor Carlyle's magnificent fashion of belaboring wind-mills. He has a sane, strong, even pen, that calls for respect in the reader rather than admiration for anything brilliant or remarkable; and above all, he has the faculty of inspiring confidence in the honesty of his purpose and the balance of his mind when sitting in judgment on matters so near to us all. In other words, Mr. McCarthy has shown himself an admirably even-tempered critic in things which commonly elicit violence on the part of men who live with their own times, taking active part in the political and literary interests of the day; he is sparing of severity as of praise, and has the strength to leave to the next generation a right summary of such differing characters as Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone. Yet he is firm enough in statement, and does not hesitate to apportion blame where he thinks blame deserved. The action of Capt. Wilkes in taking Mason and Slidell from the Trent, and of our Government in presenting the 'indirect' Alabama claims at Geneva are censured as they deserve; but Mr. McCarthy is not Englishman enough to defend the animus shown by England against the Union at the outbreak of the Rebellion. Yet he mitigates the contempt the world felt when it was found that the denouncers of slavery were on the side of the slave-owners, by urging that there was no feeling of sympathy with slavery; that the English believed us hypocrites when we alleged slavery as a cause for war, and could not understand that any one could object to breaking up the Union in order to put slavery down, and yet when war was precipitated resolve to get rid of the curse once and for all. He goes so far as to say: 'At

first, however, the feeling of Englishmen was almost unanimously in favor of the North; and explains that after feeling aggrieved that the North should disturb the world by fighting, they got into a fashion of finding us in the wrong; then Bull Run persuaded them that we were cowards. From that moment almost everybody of importance shouted for the South. Thus ingeniously does Mr. McCarthy make the best of a bad business for the sake of international amity; and, at the risk of straining the facts, try to release the London of 1861 from her awkward dilemma. He writes as a Briton, not an Irishman so disgusted with British selfishness as to attack England where mercy would suggest a defence of her follies.

As a novelist, Mr. McCarthy has made some mark without achieving great popularity. He is a very prolific writer, and is almost the only representative of light letters which the City of Cork can now boast—that city which, at the beginning of the century, was remarkable for art as well as literature. 'The Comet of a Season' and 'Donna Quixote' are further contributions to polite fiction. In 'A Maid of Athens' he describes the modern capital of Greece as one who knows it well, and mingles description with a love-story in a way very acceptable to the ordinary reader. Sometimes a little leisurely in the descriptive passages, he is never dull. In the character of Athena Rosaire, he pictures an impulsive, imaginative Irish girl, rather than an Englishwoman, whilst the mother, who tries to get a lord for her daughter, is a still better study from the life. Instead of making the ambitious mother disagreeable, he draws a charming picture of the young widow without obscuring the essential worldliness of her character. The Greek villain is as picturesque and impossible as you please. All these ventures have made their way, and indeed some have been pirated in the United States—an ill return for the constant friendship the author had for us during the Civil War, when he edited John Bright's newspaper. 'The Right Honourable' has had much wider success in England, partly because of Mr. McCarthy's greater prominence as a historian and member of Parliament, partly because of the gentle satire of men and women in London. It was written in literary partnership with an Australian author, Mrs. Campbell-Praed, who accompanies him on his trip to America; and its success has led them to write another political novel, to be called 'The Ladies' Gallery' from the loft into which the wives and women friends of members are crammed if they insist on listening to the debates in the House of Commons.

Born in Cork, the demands of politics and literature have caused Mr. McCarthy, like many other Irishmen, to make London his home rather more than his native island. The gravitation toward London has been natural, constant and increasing, ever since Tom Moore chirped and sang in the city fog—ever since John Banim, prolific novelist and playwright, took up his abode there and welcomed Gerald Griffin, the young poet of Limerick, from whose 'Colleagues' the light-fingered Boucicault took his 'Colleen Bawn,'—ever since brilliant Dr. Maginn, reviewer for *Blackwood's*, and the poet John Augustus Shea, whom Byron spoke well of in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' went over to push their fortunes in Cockaigne. Nay, the former generations did the same: witness Swift, Addison, Steele, Sheridan, Tickle and Goldsmith, with other stars of English literature whom Ireland claims: they all succumbed to the social and financial comforts of the metropolis. Here dwells that charming poet of the fairies, William Allingham, born in Ballyshannon, on the west coast of Ireland, in 1828, who took the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine* after Froude; and here remains for a large part of the year the newest Irish novelist, the Hon. Miss Emily Lawless, author of 'Hurrish,' who has been selected to write the history of Ireland for a library of national histories appearing in these days. Less recent aspirants are Francillon, author of 'Under Slieve Ban,' and other volumes, and May Laffan, who wrote of the doings of 'Flitters, Tatters and the Counsellor,' vagrants of Dublin.

Of poets there is Alfred Percival Graves, who loves Kerry and the people of the Southwest and long ago described typical Irish girls in the songs 'Kitty Bhan' and 'Fan Fitzgerald,' and Thomas Irwin, author of 'The Sea-Serpent.' There is Charles J. Kickham, who in 1865 was sentenced to fourteen years in prison as a Fenian for writing—to encourage the feeling of Irish nationality—ballads like 'Rory of the Hills,' 'What's That to any Man, Whether or No?' and 'The Irish Peasant Girl.'

Dion Boucicault, the playwright, and John Boyle O'Reilly are as much Americans as any of the Irish writers who have left their soil are Londoners; they hold in the drama and poetry the first rank among their countrymen, but their work is too well known to need mention here. The Earl of Dunraven has written books of sport and travel in foreign lands. Among writers on archæology, there are W. F. Wakeman, Col. Wood-Martin of Sligo, Wm. Reeves, Dean of Armagh, Mr. Caulfield of Cork, and Miss Margaret Stokes of Dublin. Prof. Dowden, of Trinity College, is esteemed for scholarly work on the English classics, and Prof. Mahaffy for spirited polemics on many topics. The present Mayor of Dublin and Member of Parliament should not be forgot—the lively T. D. Sullivan, whose 'Thiggin thu?' (Irish for 'Do you twig?') has enjoyed immense popularity, and 'Song from the Backwoods,' with its simple, taking chorus, has been sung all over the world since it appeared in 1867 in the Irish paper, *The Nation*. 'Handles Ten Feet Long' and 'Square-Toed Boots' are two excellent lyrics from the time of the Fenian agitation; and 'Never' shows as clearly as possible that no writer has been able to get as near as the present Mayor of Dublin to the heart of the average Irishman of the lower-middle classes.

And here is what my song shall be—
Success to all the bold and brave
Who war for rightful liberty,
Who will not have their land a glave.
Success to all who rise to strike
Down to the dust the tyrant crew
With sword and musket, scythe and pike
That is—in Poland: *Thiggin thu?*

The men whose spirit never yields
Where faithful hearts will not resign
Their memoried valleys, hills, and fields
And give the place to *Russian* swine:
Who, scattered over all the earth,
Hold to one purpose firm and true
To free the land that gave them birth,
Their own dear Poland *Thiggin thu?*

Considering the average wits of well-educated Irishmen, English literature hardly gets a rightful share of first-rate men from the Emerald Isle. The political situation is to blame for this. Men of brains among the Conservatives feel their necessary unpopularity at home, and if they turn to Englishmen for an audience are at a disadvantage owing to the hostile sentiment toward all things Irish. The bright minds among the Nationalists are absorbed in the struggle for local self-government, and become journalists or politicians. Few have the strength, the industry and the experience which permit Mr. Justin McCarthy to shine in so many ways—as a debater, an orator, an organiser, a novelist and a historian. Perhaps in the course of years the English will begin to see that their treatment of Ireland has sterilized a thousand talents which might otherwise have reflected glory on the English tongue.

Reviews

Bishop Stubbs on the Study of History.*

THE name of William Stubbs is one that is known and esteemed—almost revered—by historical students. Edward

* Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History, and Kindred Subjects. By William Stubbs, D.D. \$2.60. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A. Freeman looks up to him, as did the late J. R. Green; and his 'Constitutional History of England' is well known as perhaps the ablest work on the subject. It is well known, but not widely known; and it may be that Bishop Stubbs's seventeen Oxford lectures on many themes will prove, for American readers, a sort of introduction to the weightier treatise. But the reader of these lectures, able and valuable as they are, becomes painfully aware of the author's limitations. They are packed with the fruits of learning; they emphasize the great fact of the unity and continuity of 'ancient' and 'modern' history; and they state reverently but boldly the divine element in human progress, on which the writer insists with a strength and cogency which the materialist or the agnostic will recognize. And yet the book as a whole is not a great one. The fact is that Dr. Stubbs, like other able historians of our day, knows too much—or at least knows more than he can profitably use for his readers' benefit. Discursiveness and minute detail injure clearness, and of the quality we call literary style the writer in question has next to none. He belongs to a school of historians beside which Macaulay and Prescott cannot stand; he traces facts to their fastnesses, and correlates cause and effect; and his equipment is the most thorough. Too often, however, his pictures are more accurate than artistic, more just than effective. Delineation is wanting, and description fails to take its place. We grant most readily that the modern philosophic and analytic school is on surer ground than that of the old rhetorical historians; but meanwhile the rhetoricians are read and believed by the majority of intelligent readers, while Stubbs and even Freeman are left on the shelves. J. R. Green was hailed with delight because he was a philosophic historian who could write pretty well; and yet Green's style was less masterful than it ought to have been. The modern school of historians must learn to utilize, not merely to summarize, the work of the specialists; to illuminate the great facts and characters of history; and to learn Motley's art of stating and really *telling* at the same time. The reader turns from page to page of these lectures—just as, doubtless, their hearers wearily waited for sentence after sentence—to be disappointed at last because of inability to carry away a clear, systematic, and permanent idea. The annalists and students of 'original documents' must add art to acquirement if they would make the most valuable contribution to the literature of history, and to the instruction of the reading world.

De Amicis at Constantinople.*

How usual it is, when a celebrated writer has been particularly happy in his descriptions of a certain place, to associate his name ever afterward with that place in a species of duplex immortality. Thus it is that Washington Irving has entwined his name and fame perpetually with the Alhambra, and Addison appears the moment Westminster Abbey is mentioned. In some such delightful duplicity of association appears the name of the Italian De Amicis in connection with Constantinople. 'Tu quoque dulcia pandis,' said Terentianus Maurus, translating from the 'Thyrsis' of Theocritus, and the *tu quoque* may be added felicitously to Amicis in memory of his master and prototype, Théophile Gautier, whom he follows in the trip to Constantinople, imitates and surpasses. Amicis, indeed, may be called the laureate of lands, the poet of travellers, the pilgrim of fine-frenzies and fresh susceptibilities, who is a Childe Harold in prose, and who sings from land to land the glories of the last land he has visited:

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in der Zweigen evolutent.

The texture of his song is of silk and gold, and like Goethe's pilgrim he sings for glory and for the pleasure he affords his hearers. In successive journeys he has thus

* Constantinople. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the seventh Italian Edition by Caroline Tilton. \$2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

celebrated in prose that may be sung Holland and its people, Paris, Spain and the Spaniards, Morocco with its people and places, and his own Italy, leaving on each prose-poem his own individual birthmark as distinct as Barbarossa's red beard. As a recorder of subjective impressions, of psychological aspects of travel, De Amicis is unrivalled. He is an artist who transmutes, an enchanter who transforms, a travelling philosopher in whom the artistic and elaborative imagination dominates, a colorist steeped in tropical hues, which he scatters broadcast over his picture without its ever losing its own distinctive quality and outline. By nature an enthusiast, he is possessed of the *divinus afflatus* of wandering, and he is so full of the beauty of his wanderings, that he must give utterance to it as soon as he finds pen. Hence the brilliant phantasies that have chased each other from the press, with their profusion of landscape, their luxury of description, their prodigal fancy, their poetic imagery. As to that meteor-stream of description and apostrophe—the 'Constantinople'—perhaps the Orient was never so dazzlingly described before. Amicis' semi-Oriental nature finds in this theme a congenial topic. Pictures fly like sparks from his pen-point: his pictorial power is energized to an extraordinary degree; and the result is a monumental work of the descriptive kind whose popularity seems to be growing, and whose successive editions are now continued in this handsome illustrated reprint, in quarto form. The gem of the whole is the chapter dedicated to 'The Grand Bazaar,' though 'The Dogs of Constantinople' lose nothing of their piquant charm by the comparison. Those of us who have wandered over the same ground, and through many of the same scenes, know the gorgeous realities of 'Santa Sophia,' 'The Old Seraglio,' 'The Baths,' 'The Bridge' and 'Life at Constantinople,' as they are herein depicted. While the tone of the whole book smacks of *Italianita*—is over-ecstatic and rhetorical—it abounds in verities and verisimilitudes, in visions of an artist's terrestrial paradise, and in bits for the portfolio. The accent of exaggeration may be forgiven when we remember that the author is a poet, and above all, an Italian. He is a lost Hylas, drawn in by the nymphs of Constantinople and made to sing their melodious praises. Henceforth, Stamboul will be the more charming, because De Amicis has been there and described it, just as the Arabian charm of Grenada is the more delicious, because Fortuny painted it.

"A History of Education."*

THE first fifteen volumes of the International Educational Series, edited by William T. Harris, and published by D. Appleton & Co., are already arranged for, and still others are in progress. The series is to cover the entire field of practical, theoretical and historical education. The volumes are to include the four departments of the history, criticism, theory and practice of education. Nominally the first volume in the series is to be a translation of Prof. Karl Rosenkranz's 'Philosophy of Education;' but this work has not yet made its appearance. The series is really inaugurated by the issue of a history of education by an American writer. This is a fruitful theme, the right handling of which would give to the public a volume of great value. In reality, Prof. Painter has given us a serviceable primer of the subject, but has failed to make the most of his opportunity, and to write a book that would stimulate the educators of the country to larger ideas and better methods. The author has not given sufficient credit to the intelligence of his readers, and accordingly provides them with much unnecessary information. For instance, in his treatment of Socrates he devotes nearly a page to an account of how Socrates was put to death. It would have been far better to omit such details, for all persons competent to be benefited by the perusal of a history of education

are already familiar with such well-known facts. If they are not, they had better turn aside entirely from books of this kind to gain the primary facts of human knowledge.

The space thus gained ought to have been devoted to a much fuller elaboration of the educational theories of such men as Comenius, Rousseau, Pestalozzi and Froebel. We get here no adequate statement of what these men had in view in their educational writings, or of the theories of human nature on which they based their theories of education. Especially in the case of Rousseau is there an almost entire failure to comprehend the man and to get any real grasp on what he taught in his writings. The point of view of the writer is the conventional one, which is largely based on religious prejudice. In fact, Prof. Painter is apparently too much of a religious partisan to be a quite unbiassed and always just historian. We are sure that he has misunderstood the significance of Rousseau as an educational reformer through his inability to separate the general influence of this sentimentalist from his actual teachings. Rousseau was one of those men who throw out fruitful ideas, crude and full of error, but stimulative and alive with power to pierce to the marrow of truth as seized upon by other men. Failing to see this, Prof. Painter has failed to realize what a revolution in the theory and practice of education has followed the publication of Rousseau's books on the subject. His work is also defective in not giving us information about the actual methods of education at the different periods of which he writes. We should suppose that this would form a part of any work purporting to give a history of education, whereas Prof. Painter writes almost wholly of the history of educational theories. We could have spared some of his biographical details for the sake of a concise and just account of the methods of instruction in vogue from the Fourteenth to the Nineteenth Centuries.

The book has an introduction of a dozen pages by the editor, who writes well, but in a pronouncedly Hegelian manner. His conception of the philosophical significance of the history of education is not very clearly elaborated by the book itself; and there is a somewhat amusing contrast between the two. In a history of education, as he truly suggests, we desire a faithful comprehension of facts and a genuine insight into the philosophical bases of the different systems. For it is true that every educational theory has its foundations in a philosophy of human nature, and probably also in a philosophy of the universe. Unless this philosophy is understood, and all that comes from it adequately appreciated, there is little probability that its place in the history of education will be rightly comprehended.

A New Edition of "Mrs. Leicester's School."*

THERE is delightful promise in this volume. Mr. Ainger is known as an enlightened and enthusiastic admirer of Lamb, and in this capably printed volume he displays his admiration and enthusiasm judiciously. Besides the 'Stories for Children' ('Mrs. Leicester's School') with which it opens, the present volume contains a selection from various prose-papers of Lamb's, printed in his lifetime, but not collected into book form until long after his death. A devoted American lover of Lamb—Mr. J. E. Babson, of Chelsea—did more than any one else except Mr. Alexander Ireland to make this collection complete and exhaustive. During the twenty years that have elapsed since the publication of these *Eliana* a few fresh pieces have been identified and added to Babson's collection, and of these, together with the earlier finds, Mr. Ainger has formed his charming volume, comparing them in every case with the originals in Leigh Hunt's periodicals, Hone's 'Tablebooks,' and other publications to which they were first contributed. We can-

* A History of Education. By F. V. N. Painter. \$1.50. (International Educational Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

* Mrs. Leicester's School, and Other Writings. By Charles Lamb. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. \$1.50. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

not but agree with the principle which has guided Mr. Ainger in his edition—that an editor is bound to exercise judgment, commonsense and a feeling of responsibility and respect to his author in publishing his remains, and that it is a flagrant injustice to dilute his reputation by giving forth every scrap of writing that he is known to have produced, merely because the necessity of making a choice may expose the editor to the risk of censure. Accordingly, we have here a beautiful library edition of 'Mrs. Leicester's School' (written by Charles and Mary Lamb), 'The Adventures of Ulysses' (the first serious effort at the popularization of an ancient fairy-tale), and many other prose-pieces edited with judgment and competent feeling for the reputation of the Lambs. The volume includes, besides other memorable things, Lamb's remarks on De Foë's secondary novels, his wondrous speculation on the religion of actors, the noble letter to Southey, and the tender words on the death of Coleridge. From every corner and gable-end peeps forth some goblin phase of Charles Lamb's genius; some flash of insight, some scintillation of rubbed amber, adorns every page. Now it is a stutter of autobiographic detail, now a parody or an imaginary memoir, or an interpretation of Shakspeare. Every leaf has the glint and the imperishability of immortelles about it.

Theological Literature.*

DR. CLARKE'S sermons, or practical addresses, of which eighteen have been recently gathered into a volume (1), are always upright and manly, moderate in statement, true and steady in feeling. They command respect, not so much by massiveness or acuteness of thought, as by an impression of ripe wisdom; they attract, not by glowing rhetoric, but by sincerity and genial sympathy, and by aiming at the average life. Dr. Clarke never hesitates to criticise anti-Unitarian views, when they come in his way; but, like most men of generous mould, he is at his best when he is emphasizing what he has in common with other earnest people, rather than what divides him from them. 'Ten Great Religions' (2) has shown its vitality in repeated issues. Little that is new can be said about it now. It is rather an excursion—long-continued, it is true, full of varied fact and suggestive reflection, as of one who travels and thinks with open eyes and chastened judgment, but still an excursion—into the vast fields of comparative religion, than a thorough survey of them. An excursion must depend on fallible guide-books, must leave some important points unvisited, and perhaps fully explore none. Even an excursion, however, will enrich a thoughtful mind, and help such a mind to enrich others. Most people need stores of knowledge less than they need good mental habits, direction towards large thoughts, a wide horizon. Long after the specialist has got beyond it, therefore, this book may be doing service to the hundreds and the thousands.

The sermons and addresses delivered by Dr. Farrar during his visit in America last year have been collected into a goodly volume (3), and many who heard him, as well as many more who did not, will be likely to revive old impressions or seek new ones by reading these earnest and eloquent discourses. They are, on the whole, more chastened in style than some of their predecessors; yet, as an orator, Dr. Farrar is strongest when his moral sympathies are most deeply stirred, and the address at the reception given him by the National Temperance Association was decidedly the most powerful of his utterances here. A portrait and a short introduction by Phillips Brooks are prefixed. The book is dedicated 'To my Friends and Hosts and the Many from Whom I have Received Acts of Kindness.'

* 1. Every-Day Religion. By James Freeman Clarke. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 2. Ten Great Religions. By J. F. Clarke. 2nd edition. 2 vols. \$4.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 3. Sermons and Addresses Delivered in America by Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 4. The Transfiguration of Christ. By Frank Wakeley Gunasulus. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 5. Modern Unitarianism. Essays and Sermons. \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The fourth book on our list—'The Transfiguration of Christ' (4)—is written with care, earnestness, thoughtfulness and warm religious feeling, often of the mystical type. Sometimes it is quite suggestive; but it is uneven in workmanship. Fresh ideas shade off into commonplace, clear definition and true outline into vagueness. The style shares in the vicissitudes of the thinking. It is an interesting study, or series of studies, but it is one of the books which make us wish the author had waited five or ten years, to let his thought apprehend itself more fully, and fit itself out with words.—Some such motto as Unity in Conflict seems to fit the interesting little volume which sets forth 'Modern Unitarianism' (5). It is a collection of writings composed and uttered in Philadelphia, in the early part of this year, on the occasion of the opening of a new Unitarian church. Interesting they are, all of them; most of them intrinsically, others as striking phenomena. But their combination is the most interesting thing of all. Dr. Freeman Clarke appears as a contributor; so do Messrs. Chadwick, Brooke Hereford, Savage, Peabody, Hale, and Collyer. They are all 'Unitarians'—i.e., not Trinitarians; but it seems as if the bond which holds all these men together under one denominational name must be either very tight, so that they cannot break it, or very elastic, so that it makes little difference what contraries are enclosed within it. The former is surely not true; is it then the latter? and does 'Modern Unitarianism' officially confess itself as keeping a fair front by virtue of agreement in a few denials, while the affirmations it can utter with united voice are vague and few?

Minor Notices.

AUGUST, as we discover from the prompt-coming volume in 'Through the Year with the Poets' (Lothrop), though perhaps not so popular with versifiers as some of her sister months, has yet received a large share of their attention. Now—as they sing—the year has reached its afternoon; summer declines and roses have grown rare; the silent orchard aisles are sweet with smell of ripening fruit; the noontide's sultry murmurs weave a drowsy spell; over the fields at solemn eventide soft melancholy broods; the cricket's low refrain falls on the ear, and from his leafy perch the shrilling locust trills a song of summer dead. There is a gradual failing in the summer light, and the voice of autumn is heard from afar. This volume contains more unfamiliar pieces than any of its predecessors, while the original contributions from Miss Cone, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Spofford, Mrs. Austin, and Messrs. Scollard, Peck, Fullerton and Wilson add to its novelty and excellent quality.—A LITTLE pamphlet issued as an obituary notice of Captain Orsemus B. Boyd, of the Eighth United States Cavalry, is of interest as containing facts in the life of this graduate of West Point very similar to those in the story of 'Cut,' by G. I. Cervus, which we recently reviewed. The pamphlet fully shows what we mentioned in our review of the book, in saying that there was probably some foundation in fact or in probability for so extraordinary a story. We do not understand that the author of 'Cut' intentionally based his story on the actual incidents in the life of Capt. Boyd; but in imagining such catastrophes as possible, this little pamphlet proves that he did not in the least exaggerate the danger and the injustice. Both the story and the obituary are a singular revelation of the extent to which rash and hot-headed youth is—or was—permitted to control class matters at West Point. No such injustice ought to be possible without interference from the authorities.

THOMAS AND KATHARINE MACQUOID publish in Putnam's Travellers' Series a little book of 'Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany.' Stories and pictures are simple and pleasing, but not remarkable.—'THE COURT OF FRANCE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY,' by Cath-

erine Charlotte, Lady Jackson, is published in the Franklin Square Library. It is a minute and elaborate compilation of events and incidents in French history from 1514 to 1559.—'WHIMS AND ODDITIES,' by Thomas Hood, with illustrations by the author, appears in Putnam's Travellers' Series. Our own time is not lacking in humor, and as there is a fashion in fun as in everything else, it must be confessed that these past 'Whims and Oddities' seem now a little heavy.—THE 'Selections for Written Reproduction,' by Edward R. Shaw (Appleton), are excellently adapted to their object as an exercise in dictation. They have the merit of being brief, interesting, and taken from the best authors; so that the pupil is neither bored by a dull exercise, nor accustomed to foolishness of style. It may be added that dictation is a very valuable factor in all schooling, and as these little extracts are largely anecdotal, the interest of the pupil in the mere story is well kept up.—D. C. HEATH & Co. publish in book form the interesting 'Lectures in the Training Schools for Kindergartners,' by Miss Peabody. The system of education which Miss Peabody was so influential in introducing in this country needs now no further recommendation, as it is almost universally acknowledged to contain the germ of the best possible methods for beginning the education of the young child; but these lectures are still interesting, and full of suggestion.—THE question, 'Who was Leisler?' which will be asked by every one who takes up the book 'In Leisler's Times,' by E. S. Brooks (Lothrop), is sufficient evidence that the book was needed. For Leisler is no fictitious character, but one of America's earliest patriots; and the story for young people which Mr. Brooks has prepared with much careful study of the period represented, ought to be read not only by young New Yorkers, though perhaps they would best appreciate the delineation of old Knickerbocker localities, customs, and speech, but by all young Americans. W. T. Smedley contributes to the book twenty-four spirited and amusing illustrations.

IN ENGLAND, thirty years ago, Thomas Tate was an educational writer of considerable prominence. His work on 'The Philosophy of Education; or, The Principles and Practice of Teaching' was especially regarded as of value, and as representing the best educational thought of the time. This volume has now been edited by Edward E. Sheib, President of the Louisiana State Normal School, who furnishes it with ample notes. (New York: E. L. Kellogg & Co.) It is a practical and helpful volume for the teacher, giving a philosophical interpretation of what education should be, as well as practical instructions for the organization and guidance of school work.—'A PLAIN STATEMENT of the Laws Relating to Labor' is a pamphlet compiled by Henry A. Haigh, and published by the Co-operative Publishing Co. of Detroit. The law defined is principally the statute law of the State of Michigan, but it will hold good for most of the other States. This will be found a very useful compilation in these times of labor agitation, when there is more than ever a need of knowing what is lawful in regard to the rights and privileges of labor. If the law were well known it would not only be better obeyed, but it would also be the more easily corrected in the interests of justice.—THE GENERAL appearance of the pamphlet called 'A Letter to Grover Cleveland, on His False Inaugural Address, the Usurpations and Crimes of Lawmakers and Judges, and the Consequent Poverty, Ignorance, and Servitude of the People,' by Lyander Spooner (Boston: B. R. Tucker), makes us glad, as we lay it down, that it is 'bad form' to open another person's letters.

'JUDGE BICHARD REID: A Biography,' by Elizabeth Jameson Reid (Standard Publishing Co.), is a large and ornately bound octavo of nearly 600 pages—a wife's tribute to the memory of a much-loved husband. Judge Reid was

a native of Montgomery Co., Kentucky, and during most of his active life a resident of Mt. Sterling. A man of liberal culture and decided literary tastes, an able lawyer, an eloquent speaker, a forcible writer, a Christian gentleman, generous, philanthropic and unselfish, with a large following of devoted friends—such is the character portrayed with ample detail in this wholly eulogistic yet undoubtedly truthful biography. More than two-thirds of the volume is concerned with the murderous and wholly unjustifiable assault made upon Judge Reid by a fellow-lawyer, whose immunity from punishment is a curious specimen of Kentucky justice.—'HISTORICAL LIGHTS,' compiled by Rev. Charles E. Little (Funk & Wagnalls), is a large octavo of nearly a thousand pages, containing six thousand quotations from standard histories and biographies, arranged alphabetically under proper heads. These quotations consist chiefly of facts, anecdotes and incidents, and are the accumulation of twenty-five years of reading and making notes. In character they are both secular and religious, and especially adapted to the use of preachers, lawyers, political speakers, essayists and others, whose presentation of a subject may so often be rendered clearer and more forcible by a cleverly introduced historical illustration. The selections are generally brief, and are given in the words of the authors from whom they are taken. They thus serve a secondary purpose as specimens of the styles of the best writers of our language. An index of personal names, and an elaborate cross-reference index of topics, make it easy to find any reference to which the seeker has the slightest clew. The volume is worthy a place beside Allibone, Foster, and Arvine.

Visitors Among My Books.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The comments of others upon my books, and their questions as to my use of them, please or annoy according as they are honest or otherwise. There is a great difference in this respect between the straightforward inquiry, 'Do you really find time to make use of your books?' that of a lady who innocently supposes they have all been read through, leaving the reader very wise; and that of some third person who discovers an uncut book, or—slyer still—some uncut leaves, and thereupon casually asks if I have read so and so, and upon receiving an affirmative answer, makes manifest his smart incomprehension of such a feat under such circumstances. Some visitors apparently think that a book becomes useful only and directly in proportion as it is read through, and that to increase my library without reading by course as I buy, is a piece of folly which condescension may pardon but practical good judgment must condemn. The advantage of variety in a collection of books is to afford the means of freedom of choice under the changing conditions of intellectual appetite and physical being; and this, combined with the pleasure of having something unexplored within one's reach, makes a wisely selected library a never-ending fund of profit and delight.

Again, some visitors, though without exactly knowing why, seem possessed of the idea that a book-lover's fondness for broad margins and uncut edges is foolishness. They act as if there was an attempt being made to turn their flank, when the suggestion is made that a page of type is set off to advantage by breadth of margin, even as a picture is by a broad mat; that the margin, coupled with the uncut edges, attest the book's virginity in these respects; and that these points, also, make it the more possible to rebound the volume as taste or necessity may dictate without unduly narrowing its margins, or perhaps cutting into its type. As a rule, however, by the time I have thus defended my margins, my visitors seem surprised and pleased to find that there is so much that can be said in defence of this little weakness.

Next, they attack me on the score of bindings; and here I at once confess that I have some qualms of conscience as

to what is a wise discretion, a legitimate indulgence, and a foolish extravagance. A great deal of taste may be exercised in bindings, and a beautifully bound book is as exquisite to the touch as to the eye; but purses have limits which should be respected. With this confession, my visitors and I part on the best of terms. They will come again; and I will now return to my books.

NEW YORK, September, 1886.

SEVEN.

The Western Literary Movement.

LAST summer a meeting, numbering over a hundred persons, chiefly residents of the West and South, and occupied in literary and journalistic pursuits, was convened at Indianapolis, and a permanent organization effected, to be known by the name of the American Association of Writers. The purpose of the Association is to benefit, in every practical and proper way, the makers of American literature; or, in other words, to encourage and help worthy American authors in their efforts to protect their literary interests and to create a truly American literature. It does not assume, in taking the title 'American,' that it has the right to speak for any writers save those who see fit to join its ranks; the name means simply that it is an American institution and open to the writers of the whole country. The founding of such an institution is one of the signs of the times. Doubtless there will be crudity and culture mixed together in so democratic a body of men and women; but we dare say good will come of it. We have our American Association for the Advancement of Science which, is doing a great work; why not our association to advance literature? Of course creative work cannot be taught in a school, nor can genius be manufactured to order by any association; but in organization is strength, and authors, be they book-makers or journalists, can find benefit in fraternity. The second meeting of the body in question is called for October 5th, 6th and 7th, at Indianapolis, and the Western newspapers are predicting a large attendance. It remains to be seen what will be the outcome of such a venture. Quite a number of persons more or less distinguished have been enrolled among the members, and Mr. Maurice Thompson has been chosen as President for a year; Mr. J. C. Ochiltree, a journalist, as Treasurer; and Mrs. M. L. Andrews as Secretary.

One of the first resolutions passed by the society after its permanent organization had been completed, was a unanimous expression in favor of international copyright, which was supplemented by vigorous speeches on the subject by Maurice Thompson, ex-Governor Cumbuck, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Bolton and others. Papers were read, historical and literary subjects discussed, poems recited and 'a good time had generally.' The evening of the last day of the meeting was given to a public entertainment in the auditorium of Plymouth Church, at which music, recitations by J. W. Riley, Richard Lew Dawson, Mrs. M. H. Catherwood, and other popular readers and lecturers, were enjoyed by a large audience. Arrangements have been made to add largely to the effect of this closing feature at the coming meeting.

From the reports published in the Indianapolis papers we draw the conclusion that the enterprise, rather unpromising at first view, is likely to succeed in its main purpose, and become a permanent and pleasant feature of the growth of literary taste and effort in America. There is a certain picturesqueness in the idea, after all; suggesting, after a manner, the old French literary tournaments and poetical jousts in the days of Charles d'Orleans and earlier. It speaks, too, of a sort of popular underswell of literary taste, widespread and not without instructive significance. The South and West are probably destined to influence the future of American letters in no small degree. Some strong voices have arisen already in the provincial fields and by-ways—voices racy, as it were, of the fresh soil, and touched with a grateful zest of a wildness that the world is quick to appreciate. No matter what may be the shortcomings of the

Association of American Writers, we wish it nothing but good, and hope that all its meetings may be as pleasant as its first.

The Lounger

MRS. ARTHUR BRONSON is *not* engaged to Mr. Browning, all rumors and reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The allegation that she was, appeared conspicuously in the *World* some weeks ago, and spread with the rapidity characteristic of all interesting misstatements. Color was lent to it by the fact that the poet had long been an intimate of the Bronson household in Venice; and Mr. Bronson's comparatively recent death, followed last winter by his widow's temporary removal to London, suggested to the gossiping correspondents a paragraph that was sure to attract attention. I should think the prophets who have been predicting Mr. Browning's marriage for the past thirty or forty years would be disheartened by this time, and as completely discouraged from further allegations of a fatidical character as weather-prophet Wiggins must have been on Wednesday of this week.

THE STRIKE which caused a delay in the appearance of last week's CRITIC originated with the 'feeders' at the printing-house where the paper has been printed for the past five or six years. What they struck for was not more food or shorter meal hours, but an increase of thirty-three and a third *per cent.* in their weekly wages. This was refused them, and they have since been fasting. 'Feeders,' be it known, are the hands employed in printing-houses to keep the presses supplied with paper. They have been getting nine dollars but want twelve. The strike has extended to other establishments, but does not threaten to become very serious.

I DON'T know when I have been more forcibly struck by the absurdity of certain English customs, than on reading in a morning paper that the notorious young nobleman who arrived in this city a week ago has forty livings in his gift. That a dissolute fellow who leaves a wife at home while he tags around the country at the heels of a variety actress, the wife of another man, should be responsible for the appointment of forty clergymen to as many parishes—that he should select the spiritual adviser for some 60,000 souls—is so flagrant an absurdity that I can but wonder at a social system that makes it possible, and the temper of a people who can submit to it. It is an outrage to decency which no amount of tradition can justify. It is bad enough to put such power in the hands of an ordinarily incompetent man, but when it is given up to a man of the type of the one in question, it is time for right-minded Englishmen to demand a change.

IN LOOKING over the advance sheets of Inspector Byrnes's book on the 'Professional Criminals of America,' it has been quite a cheerful discovery to find that native-born rascals are in the minority. In the list of names there are only a few of American stock; the greater number are German and Irish. Inspector Byrnes's book, by the way, bids fair to be a popular success. The first edition is not off the press, yet a second of five thousand copies has been called for.

A WESTERN writer, Mr. John R. Musick, has begun a series of illustrated articles in *The Graphic News*, on the various Indian tribes. Mr. Musick has visited the aborigines on their reservations, and made himself familiar with their peculiar ways; and I have no doubt he will write a very interesting series of studies or sketches of Indian life. But what does *The Graphic News* mean, when it says that 'it has been hinted in literary circles that the mantle of Helen Hunt Jackson will fall on the shoulders of this new author?' Where is that mantle now? when is it likely to fall? and what will Mr. Musick do with it when it *has* fallen on his shoulders? These questions arise quite naturally. Perhaps some one moving 'in literary circles' can answer them. A man wearing a lady's mantle would look very odd in New York, however he might strike the average Cincinnati; but a literary man eccentrically dressed is not an unheard-of phenomenon.

IF THE editorial writer on the *Commercial Advertiser* who recently held up to ridicule the grotesque egotism of the Rev. H. R. Haweis could have foreseen the consequences of his humorous paragraph, as predicted by the London *Literary World*, I am sure he would have stayed his pen. Such 'Splenetic Outbursts,' says that quiet and respectable paper, 'must tend to check the growth of that good feeling between the two countries which has been developing of late through the international interchange of courtesies to distinguished visitors.' If, however, it would only tend to

check the incursions of such visitors as Mr. Haweis, the editorial would not have been written in vain, and the writer would deserve the thanks of a long-suffering community.

G. W. S., the entertaining but not always accurate London correspondent of the *Tribune*, has two misstatements in one short paragraph in his letter in last Monday's issue of that paper. 'At the moment,' he writes, Mr. Andrew Lang 'is writing a life of Isaac Walton for his own series of English Worthies.' 'At the moment' Mr. Lang is doing nothing of the sort, and it will probably be some time before he puts pen to paper toward the writing of that book. This would be a pardonable misstatement; but a few lines below he says that Mr. W. H. Pollock is writing a Life of Garrick. Mr. Pollock is not writing such a book, and announced his intention to give up the task some time ago; he is, however, to write a Life of Sir Francis Drake, of which G. W. S. does not seem to have been informed.

The Fine Arts

High Art and Industrial Art in America.*

THE recent American art-movement, or—as it is sometimes pretentiously called—the American Renaissance, has received valuable exposition on its educational side in a Report recently published under Government auspices. The question of industrial art-training receives special attention, and the necessity for introducing this study into all the schools of the country is strongly urged. The progress already made in art-training is recorded statistically, and plans for the further development of the American art-system are advanced. The book opens with an essay on the democracy of art, which presents the causes of the prejudice against art felt until recently in the United States. The responsibility rests chiefly upon the Puritans. The historical aspect of art in its relation to national industries receives due consideration. The reader's interest is particularly aroused by the account of the influence of the Centennial Exhibition upon the art-industries and the general art-development of the United States. Very interesting is the account of the early efforts made to introduce drawing into the public schools. Rembrandt Peale attempted to introduce a system of art-training into those of Philadelphia in 1840, and made generous offers of gratuitous instruction in the elementary schools, but his advances were rejected with scorn. In 1871, Prof. Walter Smith, Head-Master of the School of Art at Leeds, England, was invited by the State of Massachusetts to assume control of the public school art-system of that State. He published a report of his work in 1880. As State Director of Art-Education his influence on the art-development of Massachusetts has been very great. His system of graded instruction has been found of decided practical value. It is modified from the South-Kensington system of art-instruction. With this Report in hand, any community should be able to organize industrial and elementary art-classes.

Massachusetts undoubtedly possesses the best system of public art-instruction in the United States. According to Mr. Clarke, two States—Maine and New York—have followed her example in the matter of instruction in drawing. A general review of the principles of industrial training, as applied in European schools, is here appropriately presented; and the appendices are full of general interest. The development of industrial art in England, the national movement which resulted in the establishment of the South Kensington Museum and its ramifications, and the efforts made by Benjamin Haydon to arouse English interest in art-education are treated at length. Some practical papers in drawing by Walter Smith will be of value to teachers. Mr. Charles B. Stetson's remarks on popular instruction in elementary drawing are very suggestive. The English industrial art-system appears to be that upon which the American is destined to be modelled in the future. Hence,

* Art and Industry. Industrial and High Art Education in the United States. By I. Edwards Clarke. Part I. Drawing in Public Schools. Washington: Government Printing Office.

the attention given to the English National Art Training-School, the South Kensington Museum and Bethnal Green Branch Museum, is not excessive. A copy of this Report should be placed in every art-library in the country. Its immediate usefulness is very great, and its value to the future historian of the American art-movement incalculable.

Art Notes.

THE prospectus of the Art School of the Metropolitan Museum announces that during the season of 1886-7 John Ward Stimson will have charge of the day class in color, composition, free-hand drawing and drawing from the life, and Olin Warner of the sculpture modeling class. Arthur Tuckerman is teacher of architectural draughtsmanship, Julien B. Ramar of chasing and and repoussé work in metals, Lucas Baker of perspective, construction and industrial design, Dr. Edward Ayers of anatomy, physiology and expression, Mr. Stiepevich of window and wall decoration, Ernest J. Gilles of cabinet drawing and interior designing, A. Loehner of decorative clay modeling and W. E. Volz of mechanical glass. This is about as good a staff of instructors as could be found in New York and the classes afford excellent opportunities for technical art-study. The season will begin on October 4th and end on May 1st, 1887. The Superintendent is Mr. J. W. Simpson. It is to be hoped he is not responsible for the get-up of the prospectus, which is as vile a specimen of pseudo-decorative printing as has recently been circulated in this city. Dirty-brown wrapping-paper and almost illegible chocolate-colored text do not form a pleasing combination.

—Miss Charlotte Adams has prepared for George J. Coombes, with the author's special permission, a translation of Alfred Stevens's 'Impressions of Painting.' She will give a sketch of Mons. Stevens's life and work, and the artist himself will furnish an introduction.

—From Boston comes the announcement that 'during the first week of October, the initial number of *American Art* will be published by the American Art Publishing Co. as a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the fine arts, graphic and applied.' Lyman H. Weeks, art-critic of the Boston *Post*, will be its editor, and Frank H. Robinson its business manager. Several well-known writers on art are named as contributors.

—In the October *Art Amateur* the chief illustrations are a crayon study of a 'French Peasant Girl,' by Charles Sprague Pearce, a full-page pencil-drawing of a 'Flower-Girl of Picardy,' and a spirited sketch of a 'Parisian Fencing-Master' by Jules L. Stewart.

—The visitors to the Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky., have been voting on the relative popularity of the pictures in the Aat Gallery, most of which are from the studios of New York artists and from various private collections, notably the new collection of Mr. George I. Seney. Last week the boxes were opened, and it was found that 'The Gossips,' by Carl Marr, was the most popular picture in the exhibition—a verdict with which we are by no means disposed to quarrel.

George Eliot and Her Correspondents.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have just published [January, 1886] the third and concluding volume of their delightful cabinet edition of Mr. J. W. Cross's *Life of George Eliot*, an edition notable for its clear type, its beautiful paper, its handiness, and its comparative cheapness. Additions have been made by Mr. Cross to the first edition, and from these we take a few extracts, chiefly from letters addressed to Mr. Alexander Main, the compiler of 'The Sayings of George Eliot.'

The correspondence extends from 1868 down to within a few weeks of George Eliot's death in 1880. The first note is on 'increasing happiness.' 'We are increasingly happy,' writes George Eliot, in July, 1868, to M. D'Albert, 'although the years carry away with them some of our strength and buoyancy. Our life is absolutely untroubled, and I grow much more cheerful as I grow older. We have good news (although too rarely) from our exiled boys in Africa; and Charlie's [Lewes] lot is all together satisfactory to us—prosperous outwardly, and with evidence of constant improvement in his mind and character.' In the same letter we learn that 'The Spanish Gypsy' has been a great source of added happiness to me—all the more, or rather principally, because it has been a deeper joy to Mr. Lewes than any work I have done before. I seem to have gained a new organ, a new medium that my nature had languished for. The public here and in America has received it very kindly, and it has sold well. I care for the sale, not in a monetary light (for one does not write poems as the most marketable commodity),

but because sale means large distribution. We are so happy now as to be independent of all monetary considerations, and Mr. Lewes plunges at his will into the least lucrative of studies, while I, on my side, follow tastes not much in keeping with these of our noisy, hurrying, ostentatious times.'

In a letter (30th July, 1868) to the Rev. Canon MacIlwaine she says:—'The author of "The Spanish Gypsy" begs to thank the Rev. W. MacIlwaine for the care he has kindly shown in sending her a list of errata, which would have been acknowledged long ago but for her absence on the Continent. Some of the passages marked by Mr. MacIlwaine for revision were deliberately chosen irregularities, but others are real oversights in the correction of the press. These will be thankfully attended to in the immediate reprint, and the suggestion of them is the more acceptable because the author is at present unable to give the work any close revision.' George Eliot adheres strongly to the principles—(1) that metrical time must be frequently determined in despite of syllable-counting; and (2) that redundant lines are a power in blank verse. But the principles may be true, while her particular application of them is often mistaken. She hopes always to keep in mind that distinction between strong theory and feeble practice. Another letter to the same correspondent reads: 'I assure you I shall not cease carefully to study the great medium of verse, bearing in mind, however, that what are called laws in the "art which nature makes" were at one time undiscovered possibilities, and that some such possibilities may yet lie in store for watchful spirits. It seems to me that Milton wrote his grand verse partly in virtue of such hopeful watching—such listening for new melodies and harmonies with instructed ears. He is very daring, and often shocks the weaklings who think that verse is sing-song.'

In a letter written August 3, 1871, to Mr. Alexander Main, the reader gets the writer's idea of the correct pronunciation of the word *Romola*. The note reads:—'You have been rightly inspired in pronouncing *Romola*, and in conceiving *Romolo* as the Italian equivalent of *Romulus*. I can assure you that the Italians say *Romolo*, and consequently *Romola*. The music of the name is quite lost in the painful quantity *Romola*. So pray go on defying an evil custom—if custom it be. I am touched by the sympathy you express with a book ("Romola") which was an intense occupation of my feeling as well as thought for three years before it was completed in print. The general ignorance of old Florentine literature and the false conceptions of Italy bred by idle travelling (with the sort of culture which combines Shakespeare and the musical glasses), have caused many parts of "Romola" to be entirely misunderstood—the scene of the quack doctor and the monkey, for example, which is a specimen, not of humor as I relish it, but of the practical joking which was the amusement of the gravest old Florentines, and without which no conception of them would be historical. The whole piquancy of the scene in question was intended to lie in the antithesis between the puerility which stood for wit and humor in the old Republic and the majesty of its front in graver matters.'

A few days later, August 9, writing to the same correspondent, George Eliot says of Scott:—'I suppose that our beloved Walter Scott's imagination was under the influence of a like historical need when he represented the chase of the false herald in "Quentin Durward" as a joke which made Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy laugh even to tears, and turned their new political amity into a genuine fellowship of buffoonery. I like to tell you that my worship for Scott is peculiar. I began to read him when I was seven years old; and afterwards, when I was grown up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels. No other writer would serve as a substitute for Scott, and my life at that time would have been much more difficult without him. It is a personal grief, a heart-wound to me, when I hear a depreciatory or slighting word about Scott.'

The following is George Eliot's tribute to Salvini:—We [George Lewes and I] have been much interested lately in seeing Salvini, a genuinely great actor, play *Othello*. And on Monday we are hoping to see him in "Hamlet." I wish you [Mr. Main] could have the same enjoyment. Great art, in any kind, inspires me and makes me feel the worth of devoted effort; but from bad pictures, bad books, vulgar music, I come away with a paralyzing depression. Mr. Lewes is going to republish some interesting little retrospects of actors which he wrote nearly ten years ago in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He remembers Edmund Kean—who, you know, died in 1832.'

George Eliot hated being criticized. Mr. Lewes, we know,

kept the criticisms by unkindly critics of her works from her. She says, writing to a friend: 'I sometimes shrink from every article that pretends to be critical—I mean, of other people's productions, not, of course, of my own; for you know I am well taken care of by my husband, and am saved from getting my mind poisoned with print about myself.'

One of the most delectable of the new letters in the book is a note to Maude Lewes, aged four. It reads:—'My dear little Maudie,—I was very glad to have a letter from you this morning. I read it aloud to grandpapa before breakfast. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Maudie was talking to us in her letter. We were very happy. I will kiss baby for you. Her cheeks are pink, and she looks stronger than she did when she first came down. All the servants are fond of her and very good to her. She tries to say a few words, but the only word she is clever in is Papa. There are a great many tall trees all around us, and sometimes there are squirrels with bushy tails running up them so fast that you could hardly catch sight of them. There are little snakes in the cucumber bed. They like to be there because it keeps them warm. Last year there were a great many moles, which are little black creatures with tiny white hands, and with these hands they scratch themselves holes for a long way under the ground, and throw out the earth in little hills above them. That spoils the grass, but the moles do not mean to be naughty. They are only working very hard to make themselves houses. Grandpapa is better than he was, and has not so many pains in his poor toes. You never had any pains in your toes, Maudie. I know you are very sorry that grandpapa should have pains. He sends his love and kisses to you and Blanche, and so do I. And you must kiss papa and mamma for us, and tell them that we long very much to hear that you are all quite settled in Elm Cottage. When we see you again you will be taller than you were when we said "Goodby" to you at Hampstead. For little girls grow as the flowers do, and get taller and taller, and their faces a little larger. But grandpapa and grandmamma would know you were their little Maudie if they met you quite alone in the street without mamma, and they would want you to come with them, and they would take care of you. They would know you, because your little nose and mouth and eyes and your hair are not just exactly like other little girls', and still more because they would remember how you say "grandpapa." I have written this letter quite plainly, as if I thought you could read it. But I know that you are not able to read it yet. Miss Smith will be so good as to read it to you, and it is signed, your loving grandmamma.'

From a letter written to Mr. Edward Clodd on receipt of a copy of his book we get a glimmering of George Eliot's idea of 'the creeds':—'I am greatly obliged to you,' she writes, 'for sending me your book entitled "Jesus of Nazareth," which I have read with much interest both in its purpose and in its execution. I had hardly thought, before, that we had among us an author who could treat Biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures, not in the least resembling the creatures within. My mind cannot see the Gospel histories in just the same proportions as those you have given. But on this widely conjectural subject there may and must be shades of difference which do not affect fundamental agreement.'

The most pathetic passage in the new additions is in a letter sent to M. D'Albert, on November 15th, 1880, about six weeks before the fatal illness that closed her life on December 22, 1880. George Eliot writes on November 15th, 1880: 'I thank you with great feeling for sending me an account of my revered Maman's peaceful falling asleep. Blessed are the dead who rest from the struggles of this difficult life. The pitiable are those who survive in loneliness; and I feel sorrowfully that, notwithstanding the numerous friends whose respectful regard you have won, your loneliness will press on you with a weight proportioned to the devoted care which has for years sanctified your life, and made you cherish it in order that you might bless another life to its close. That Maman should have retained full possession of her sweet mind through all her increasing weakness, will always give perfection to your remembrance of her. There will be nothing to blot out from the sacred record. . . . I have been rather ill lately, but am getting well again.'

HON. W. H. HERNDON, of Springfield, Illinois, the law partner and personal friend of Lincoln during the years preceding the latter's election to the Presidency, has prepared a lecture on his former associate, with which he will go upon the platform this season.

A Protest Against Pedantry.

[The Rambler, in *The San Franciscoan*.]

AN ANXIOUS inquirer writes to the New York CRITIC to ask if it is proper to use the expression 'through with' instead of 'done with,' saying that he has never seen the expression in print except once in the columns of THE CRITIC, although familiar with its colloquial usage for many years. The editor replies that he thinks 'through with' and 'done with' are both solecisms; and adds that while he should never hesitate to say 'through with' he would avoid writing it, just as Paul avoided eating meat which had been offered in the idol's temple. THE CRITIC's editor is not happy in his illustration. According to him, Paul could eat the meat at his private table, but must avoid doing so at a public banquet. Is it not absurd to argue that a phrase which is persistently used in the speech of cultured people should be considered improper in writing? Must not common usage, through which alone a language is evolved, be also the only criterion by which the propriety of the introduction of new elements or novel combinations is to be determined? Certainly the Rambler can see no good reason for appealing from the decision of the public to the judgment of a few fanciful pedants.

This is a time when pedantry is particularly in vogue in England as well as this country; and the Rambler is pleased to see that Frederic Harrison and several other brilliant review writers have had the courage to expose the ridiculous affectations into which certain would-be authorities on correct English have fallen. Nearly forty years since Mr. Grote, the founder of what is called the Hellenic school, began a reform in the English spelling of familiar Greek names, and insisted that Socrates should be written Sokrates, and Sophocles, Sophokles. This was a beginning, and soon arose a whole host of specialists in different foreign languages, each of whom was ready to stand sponsor for the rebaptism of characters and scenes whose names in certain modified forms had become household words among English-speaking people. So we have German, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit scholars, each trying to represent peculiar sounds from one of these languages by various combinations of English letters. Not only the substitution of one letter for the other, but the use of double vowels and consonants, accents, and even obsolete letters, are resorted to by these noble reformers, making grotesque compounds entirely unintelligible to the general reader, who would often be unable to recognize a familiar word in its new shape.

The most alarming phase of this movement was developed when Mr. Freeman, the author of 'The Norman Conquest,' began to reform the spelling of English names, going back to the archaic forms of what he is pleased to call 'Old English' for his spelling of the proper names of his history. He writes Ælfred instead of Alfred, Ælthryth for Elfrida, and Eadweard for Edward. This absurd attempt to go back to the ancient spelling and pronunciation of words which have long since been modernized in accordance with our present speech is very properly ridiculed by sensible men, who cannot see why our whole language should be made over to satisfy the whims of those whose pretension to superior learning has led them to insist on what they call historical accuracy in writing names.

The same school of writers who have introduced the absurd system of historical spelling have also another pedantic craze. They are advocating the use of words in their primary meaning, and deprecate the natural tendency to metaphorical constructions. We are always to use a word in its plain, literal sense, with no exaggerations or amplifications. For example, we are not to say that war, pestilence, or famine has decimated a nation. We are not to use the word decimate unless literally one out of ten is taken. One may well tremble to think what the result to our literature would be were such a system to be carried out to its logical sequence; our language would soon lose all its richness, and become stiff, hard and unwieldy—entirely unfitted for all purposes of higher literary development. It is a consolation to know, however, that there is little chance of its winning much favor with any class of writers.

Akin to these puritanic affectations is the tendency among a certain class of critics to condemn anything like colloquial freedom in writing. With them every sentence must be measured by rule, every word selected with the most rigid nicety. The Rambler can but think writing of this kind could not fail to be stiff and unnatural. He believes the chief aim of the writer should be to express himself always as directly and intelligibly as possible, but he does not believe that words, which are, after all, only the instruments through which ideas may be conveyed, should be given undue importance. He would not advocate

slipshod carelessness of style; but he fails to see why he should shrink from using an expression which is plain, direct, and forcible, and, besides, sanctioned by popular usage, because some so-called authorities may have determined that another form is more elegant. It is an indisputable fact that the popular ear invariably chooses the most euphonious of two synonymous expressions, and the form which meets the most ready general acceptance is nearly always the one which is likely to be formally adopted. The learned, in all ages, have their extravagant conceits and ridiculous affectations of style, which are as evanescent as their peculiar fashion of dress. The only style which it is safe to take for a model is that which approaches most nearly to the people.

It is certainly true that the works of standard authors embody the best development of a language; but do they usually do more than crystallize the forms of expression which have become current with the public? Authors, to be sure, have their share in introducing new words from foreign languages as well as coining new ones from concordant elements in their own; but public opinion finally decides whether or not such shall be permanently adopted. The changes in the English language from Chaucer to Tennyson, and in the German from Luther to Goethe, have been in direct accord with the variations of popular speech. The ignorant make blunders because they have not mastered the principles of the language, and because their limited vocabulary renders their powers of expression inadequate; but with the command of words which comes from extensive reading arises the power of selecting instinctively the most felicitous word or phrase, just as the inflections of the voice are invariably correct in ordinary speech. Naturally the more culture the individual possesses the greater will be this power, unless indeed he yield to the besetting sin of the pedant, and tries to invent new forms of expression instead of selecting the best from those in popular use. This is what is meant by saying that standard authors generally only crystallize the best elements of the common speech.

The phases of what Frederic Harrison frankly calls the pedantic nuisance, so far considered, are common to England and this country; but there is another, peculiar to our land, which it will be proper to consider before closing this article. It is apparent to any observer that there is in America a natural tendency to flatten the vowel sounds of our language more than is the common practice in England. This is not confined to any particular locality, but is universal throughout the country among all classes of people that speak naturally. There is a difference between the natural tone of voice of an Englishman and an American which must make a corresponding difference in the pronunciation of our common language, in the two countries, and this difference is bound to become more and more marked as time goes on. Therefore, the Rambler cannot believe that the attempt to induce our people to imitate the tones and inflections of the English will ever find much favor outside the circle of Anglo-maniacs in New York and Boston, who are the laughing-stock of all sensible people.

Mental Wear and Tear.

[The Spectator.]

DR. ROBSON ROOSE discourses in *The Fortnightly Review* for February on 'The Wear and Tear of London,' without perhaps adding very much, even from the medical point of view, to our knowledge on the subject of the secret of the 'want of tone' which the doctors so often find in their London patients; unless there be originality in the remark that it is the want of gradual training for the life of tension, rather than the life of tension itself, which disables so many. That is, no doubt, strictly true so far as regards the mental strain of regular intellectual occupations. The man or woman who engages in these occupations must be prepared for that tension by slow degrees; and it is the destruction of nervous health to be plunged into a heavy strain of work too suddenly. But is that the essence of what is called the 'wear and tear' of London at all? We do not know that mental strain is specially characteristic of London, nor do we think that mental strain, taken alone, while it certainly causes 'wear,' does cause what is termed 'wear and tear,' a very different thing, for the 'tear' of London is certainly much worse than its 'wear.' What we mean by the 'wear' of powers mental or bodily, is the natural result which comes from the full use of those powers,—first their steady improvement and growth in facility and mastery; then their very gradual decline in spontaneity and productiveness, till at last they obviously, though only slowly, yield poorer results. That is the

natural effect of long-continued wear. But that is not the natural effect of what is called 'wear and tear,' which is very likely to lead, not perhaps so much to premature exhaustion, as to dangerous illness. 'Wear and tear' implies not regular and natural use and tension, but a dragging in opposite directions, such as is produced, for example, by the attempt to combine intellectual effort with a perfectly inconsistent amount of social effort, to carry off grave anxieties with a display of vivacity, to unite an unconstrained manner which implies a mind at ease, with a concentration of effort implying a mind always vigilantly preparing for its next step,—in a word, to combine feelings on the stretch in one way, with an intellect on the stretch in quite another way.

That is what London 'wear and tear' means,—the simultaneity of a strain which is comparatively easy in cases of fully concentrated effort, with that interchange of feeling which is only natural when there is no prior claim on the attention; the interference of social duties with professional duties; the *making* time for one thing when all the time there is, is really pre-engaged for another thing; the squeezing of gayety out of a preoccupied mind, or of severe but reluctant thought out of preoccupied feeling. This is the 'tear' of which there is so much more in London than in the provinces, and which is so much more likely to lead to sleeplessness and loss of nervous energy of all kinds than any amount of ordinary work. And this really, if people would take the natural precautions, it would be perfectly easy to avoid. For nothing is easier than for the busy to claim and to insist on a certain amount of seclusion sufficient for the purposes of their work, if they would but recognize fairly that a great deal of what is called amusement doubles and trebles the tension of men's work, because it requires them to keep on the watch for meeting a multiplicity of engagements when otherwise they would not need to be on the watch at all—obliges them, in fact, to walk the treadmill of Society when they desire either to labor or to rest, and so produces in the mind that painful sense of distraction which halves the intellectual power while it doubles the excitability of excitable brains. No illusion is more curious than that which seems to pervade Society, that if you are not seen in at least ten fashionable houses in a week, you are 'losing touch' with London Society. In the first place, if it were so, no calamity could be more infinitesimal than that of losing touch with London Society. In the second place, there is no surer way to lose all the little profit which London Society can bring, than by flitting about from house to house in a breathless round of visits. A person of any mind will get more out of two or three conversations in a week or a month with the right people, than he could get out of twenty or thirty. Just as one well-digested meal is far more nourishing than a dozen diminutive repasts, because the appetite is ready for the one and not ready for the others, so a single conversation with the right person is far more likely to tell you what London Society can tell you, than a number of conversations so great that they overlap each other, produce a confused effect on the mind, and so leave nothing to be distinctly remembered. Whatever Society can do for us,—and sometimes it can effect something,—it can also very easily obliterate, if you let it repeat the experiment too often. It is quite certain that London Society effectually effaces in the minds of nine-tenths of those who frequent it all the little clear intellectual and moral impression that it has ever made. And in all these cases the social intercourse provided is pure 'wear and tear,'—or rather 'tear' more than 'wear,' for wear makes the mind efficient and ready, though it also gradually ages its powers; but such social intercourse as this only uses it up without ever giving it the ease and force of dexterous use.

Dr. Johnson, as Dr. Robson Roose reminds us, held that 'a man who is tired of London is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford.' But we must remember that Dr. Johnson did not live in what we now call London Society, that he knew how to be a recluse in London when he would, and that unless he could have been a recluse whenever he wished it, he would never have thought so highly as he did of the resources of London. The people who suffer most from the wear and tear of London, far from finding in London 'all that life can afford,' find no solitude at all there. This is, nevertheless, one of the very best things that life affords, and is to be got here by those who choose, at least as easily and in as great perfection as in any country solitude. Dr. Johnson lived in London, but certainly did not live in the *racket* of Society. And it is the racket of Society which is the great set-off against the other advantages of London. We believe that the endurance of this racket is altogether voluntary. If people only realized how little

pleasure their own society can give to any one when they are exhausted by this mechanical friction, they would, even from self-respect, forbear. Quite apart from all medical and constitutional considerations, what freshness can be given to any circle by the advent of an exhausted receiver or an exhausted visitor who has said everything that it was in him to say a dozen times within the twenty-four hours to different people, and who has almost forgotten that he answers any function in life except that of conveying between drawing-room and drawing-room the empty gossip of the day? The best evidence that this kind of society-haunting is worse than useless, simply mischievous, is the relief with which those are received who have been long kept by business, or by preference, or by illness out of the vortex, and who revisit the London world with a little of that clearness of mind and confidence of view which the social racket saps and ultimately destroys. The evidence that Dr. Johnson at least knew how to find solitude in London was his admirable conversation, the conversation of a man who never lost *himself*,—never swerved from his own centre of thought,—as those who allow themselves to be carried away by the whirl of London Society almost inevitably lose themselves and swerve from their characteristic convictions. Of course, no amount of solitude and clear self-reckoning will make conversation really good without a great gift for conversation; but it will at least keep that characteristic flavor in conversation which is so very easily exhaled in the insipid and yet absorbent atmosphere of London Society. We may be sure that Dr. Roose touches only the very border of the subject when he dwells on the constitutional dangers of London racket. A still worse danger is its effect in destroying real individuality, and substituting for it the social fashion of the day, however little that suits the character which adopts it. And then in time these social stimulants do the same kind of mischief which alcoholic stimulants do, though in a different region. They render the giddy whirl essential to the victim of it, even while that whirl renders him more and more incapable of extracting from it the smallest real profit. Like an intoxicating drink, the racket of Society becomes most indispensable to the very people whom it most seriously injures.

Current Criticism

COQUELIN AND THE FRANÇAISE.—M. Coquelin and the Comédie Française are at loggerheads. For years the great comedian had practically 'bossed' the theatre. His will was law. At his coming authors quailed. He made actors and unmade actresses, but Jules Claretie, the present manager of the Française, objects to 'bossing.' Some time ago he took the liberty of falling out with Coquelin about Mlle. Dudlay. Mlle. Dudlay became a *sociétaire* and Coquelin definitively determined to quit the Française. Unhappily, not content with announcing his intention, he allowed the impression to get abroad that after leaving the house of Molière he meant to play at a rival Parisian theatre. Now, by the rules of the Comédie Française, *sociétaires* who leave the theatre after twenty years' membership are entitled to a retiring pension and their accumulated share of the yearly profits. This, however, is conditional. The retiring member pledges himself not to reappear on the stage within thirty leagues of Paris. Moreover, it seems to be understood that failing health and age only are recognized as motives for retiring. Coquelin leaves on the first of December and claims a retiring pension of 62,000f. and 200,000f. as his share of the profits. The Comédie Française refuses to acknowledge the claim on the ground that Coquelin is in the flush of health and notoriously intends playing in Paris. This has made the great man angry, and he intends to bring the case before the Tribunal de Commerce. Meanwhile the boulevards are overrun with newsboys shouting, 'D'mandez l'Incident Coquelin!' as, a week ago, they were shouting, 'D'mandez la vie du Général Boulanger!'—*The Herald*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S EVERY-DAY LIFE.—The *Freeman's Journal* contains an interesting article descriptive of the daily life of Cardinal Newman at the Birmingham Oratory:—"A brain that is as restless and active as in times gone by leaves his Eminence, whose age falls short of the years of the century by one only, little time for anything but the important work for which there is only the twilight remaining. There are but a privileged few, such as Lord Emly, who pays the Cardinal a yearly visit, the Duke of Norfolk, and some of the 'Old Boys,' who are now permitted to see 'The Father.' I might remark that the Cardinal is never addressed by the other fathers as 'Your

Eminence," but as "Father," and spoken of as "The Father." On the other hand, he addresses them as "John," "Lewis," etc. The visitors see the same resolute face, the identical eye which marked the Oxford man who carried on the greatest controversy of our time. The marks of time are to be seen, but they are only physical. The Cardinal's voice is very weak—so weak that only those who are close to the pulpit can hear him when preaching. He wore spectacles when a young man, but reads without them now, except when the light is bad. There is in his manner great slowness of perception of external objects, and the same abstracted air which goes along with the majority of old men, so much so that he is at times entirely dead to those who may be with him in the refectory, and frequently has to be reminded of their presence.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

ONE OF PLUTARCH'S MEN.—If one could gather up into a life of the brevity and succinctness of these age-worn chronicles what was capital in Lincoln's actions and characteristic in his sayings, it were a book to make the owls of the commonplace wink! Lincoln possessed in remarkable measure the kind of personality which Plutarch rendered most perfectly; for it is the peculiarity of that old-style biographer not to dissociate the deed or word from its author, but to set it forth as the truest and most vital expression of the man's nature, so that at the end one seems to remember, not what the hero did or said, but what he was. This unity of the outward expression with the inward spirit, together with an ever-present sense of a dominant individuality, is constantly brought home to the mind in any reading about Lincoln; whatever the trait may be named,—genuineness, originality, sincerity, directness,—it pervaded his life; and so true is this, that many a person who has had the opportunity of hearing of Lincoln from his companions in early circuit days, must have remarked that anecdotes concerning him then are not less plentiful and characteristic than in the stirring times of the War. He seems always to have been doing or saying something noticeable, from boyhood. In consequence, the amount of detail respecting him which has survived from a hundred perishable sources is very large; and, while it would be gossip if it related to another man, it is of very high interest in connection with him.—*The Atlantic*.

NEW YORK REVIEWERS.—George Parsons Lathrop, as the literary reviewer of *The New York Star*, is coming to be recognized out West as one of the brightest writers who have of late years settled down to newspaper work in the metropolis. His criticisms are generally just, always readable and full of the sparkle and merriment characteristic of American journalism. It is evident that he could be turgid, if he would, but, fortunately, chooses to be readable instead. Julian Hawthorne is elegant, dignified and earnest. He sees no amusement in being deceived into reading a watering-place romance which turns out to be an advertisement for a railway company, and under such exasperations he administers stinging, dignified rebukes. His department in the *World* is already attracting some attention on account of its masterful and discursive style. It will attract the popular attention just as soon as a strong breeze from the work-a-day world can reach it and blow away from it the atmosphere of the study, with which it is now too heavily surrounded. The literary reviewer of the *Times* is by no means a finished or an elegant writer. His English 'wobbles' a bit occasionally, but it must be said of his judgment that it is unusually good. The reviewer of the *Tribune* has all the gloss and polish of Macaulay, with some of Macaulay's fierceness of rhetoric. There is just a trifle of the 'big I' about his work, but nobody doubts its honesty, its elegance, or its correctness. The *Sun* reviewer is altogether too scholarly. He, like the reviewer of the *Post*, selects too many scientific, pedagogic and other works of an abstruse, technical nature for review. As a consequence, they are only popular—if anywhere—in ultra-scientific circles. Nevertheless, the reviewers of New York are holding their own against the world—and a pretty fierce world it is, sometimes.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Notes

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P., the well-known Irish author, orator and politician, to whom the greater part of our leading article is devoted this week, arrived in New York on Sunday last, and took up his abode temporarily at the Hoffman House, where a suite of rooms had been put at his disposal. He was accompanied by Mrs. Campbell-Præd, his collaborator in the production of 'The Right Honourable,' with whom he is writing a new novel, 'The

Ladies' Gallery.' The *Tribune* says: 'He will start for Boston on Tuesday evening, going from there to New Bedford, Fall River and Worcester, speaking in each place. Returning he will deliver a lecture in the Boston Theatre a week from Saturday evening, and be treated to a public dinner on the following Monday. He then resumes his lecturing tour, going to Lynn, Lowell, Lawrence, Salem, and several other New England towns, returning once more to Boston and again speaking there. Afterward, he will speak in Maine, take in Canada, run through Pennsylvania and this State, and finally start for the West. He thinks all of his engagements will be covered about March 1.'

—In about a week Cassell & Co. will publish a volume of great interest and no less practical value, on the professional criminals of America. It is by Inspector Byrnes, and gives the portraits and 'pedigrees' of dozens of notorious rascals.

—To-day's issues from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are a \$12.50 edition of Vedder's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'; 'The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems,' 'The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales,' in the Riverside Pocket Series; 'The Far Interior,' a narrative of travel and adventure in Africa, by Walter Montagu Kerr; 'Ancient Cities,' by Rev. William Burnet Wright; and a new edition of 'Poems of Religious Sorrow, Comfort, Counsel and Aspiration,' edited by Prof. Francis J. Child.

—Arthur Gilman's new book, 'The Story of the Saracens,' in Putnam's Story of the Nations Series, will contain a *catalogue raisonné* of books on the subject of the life of the Arabian prophet, the religion he preached, and kindred topics, drawn from the writings of some two hundred authors. Mr. Gilman believes that no such bibliography of works on Islam and related subjects exists in English.

—Mr. Mallock's forthcoming novel is called 'The Old Order Changes.'

—Judge Wallace, of the United States Circuit Court, has just rendered a decision for the plaintiff in the case of Harper against Shoppell. The defendant had made an electrotype copy of an engraving that appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, the *Weekly* being copyrighted, and sold it for publication in another periodical. The Judge decides that the defendant is liable in damages as a joint wrong-doer with the publisher of the periodical in which the reproduced engraving appeared. The point involved was whether the copyright of a 'book,' as such, protects the engravings as well as the letter-press.

—Among the books to be published by Cassell and Co. during the coming season are 'The Life and Work of the Earl of Shaftesbury,' by Edwin Hodder, in three volumes of about 500 pages each, with three portraits. This work will give a complete narrative of the life of Lord Shaftesbury, written from personal communication with the late Earl, as well as from copious diaries extending over a period of sixty years. It will also deal with all the social reforms of the century, more particularly as regards the working-classes.

—Mr. Cable's 'Grande Pointe' and 'Carancro' will soon be published in *The Century*. Each story will run through two numbers. Mr. Kemble has visited the Louisiana Acadian country, in order to illustrate these stories with 'local color.' Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley author of a striking article recently published in *The Century* on 'Faith Healing and Kindred Phenomena,' will contribute to the same magazine a series of articles on the subject of dreams, presentiments, astrology, clairvoyance and spiritualism, of which he has made a life-long study.

—'The Queen's Favorite' is a comedy by Mr. Sidney Grundy, closely adapted from Scribe's 'Glass of Water,' which was produced at the Star Theatre on Monday evening. Miss Genevieve Ward appears in the character of the famous Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough. The comedy has little dramatic interest, except in the last two acts, but is of brilliant literary quality. The story concerns the fight for political power constantly waged between Henry St. John and the Duchess, but is historical in a very remote degree only. The whole interest centres in the intellectual encounters between the Duchess and her rival, who in the end overthrows her by a clever but unscrupulous trick. These two personages are nearly always on the stage, and the dialogue written for them is extremely clever. Miss Ward's performance of the Duchess is brilliant, but hard and unsympathetic. Her delivery of the lines, however, is admirable in its emphasis. Mr. St. John is Mr. W. H. Vernon, who now appears for the first time in New York. He seems to be an actor of finished skill and fine natural capacity. At all events his performance on Monday was a most pronounced hit. He has distinction of manner, a rich fund of dry humor, and great fertility of expedient. If he should prove to be versatile he ought to be secured for the New York stage. The cleverness of the dialogue, and the excellence of the two principal players are quite enough to ensure the success of the piece.

—Mr. Bancroft returned to Newport last week from Worcester, Mass., his early home, which he had been visiting after an absence of many years. On Monday night of the present week, his house was entered and robbed of several pieces of silver, a ham, an overcoat, and a bottle of wine. Mr. Bancroft will celebrate his eighty-sixth birthday to-morrow by dining with Mr. John Jacob Astor.

—Mr. Lowell arrived from England on the steamship Pavonia, which reached Boston on Friday of last week.

—Julian Hawthorne's 'Fortune's Fool,' Bret Harte's 'Snowbound at Eagle's,' and the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's biography of his brother, have been added to the Tauchnitz series.

—'England, Scotland and Ireland,' by P. Villars, translated by Henry Frith, will be one of the Routledges' holiday books this season. It will be an imperial quarto of 650 pages, with maps and six hundred illustrations. The same firm announce 'The Baby's Own Æsop,' by Walter Crane, and 'More Graphic Pictures,' by the late Randolph Caldecott.

—George J. Coombes's Catalogue No. 1 is a neat little pamphlet containing the titles of 230 rare and curious books, together with those of four new publications bearing his own imprint.

—London is to have a new weekly paper called *The Journalist*, to be devoted to the interests of persons professionally connected with the newspaper press. A paper with the same name and the same purpose already exists in this city.

—From J. R. H.:—"In 'The Free Parliament' of Sept. 11, you say: '*Heart of hearts* sounds intensely un-Latin. We dare not say it is un-English, since Shakspeare uses it.' But does he? You specify the familiar passage from 'Hamlet' (III., 2) concerning 'the man that is not passion's slave;' yet in every edition of Shakspeare within my easy reach the phrase is given 'In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.'"

—The next volume in the series of 'Canterbury Poets,' published by Walter Scott, will be 'The Children of the Poets,' an anthology from English and American writers of the last three centuries, arranged, with an introduction, by Eric Robertson.

—Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamber) has been compelled by ill-health to resign the editorship of the famous *Nouvelle Revue*, of which she was the founder, and has chosen as her successor Dr. Cyon, a Russian physiologist of repute, who was co-editor with Jules Simon of the *Gaulois*, and is credited, despite his denial of the charge, with having written the Russian part of 'La Société à St. Pétersbourg' in the Comte Vasili series. *The Pall Mall Gazette* says: 'Mme. Adam's position in letters and in society was unique. Her abdication leaves a void which no living French woman seems able to fill.'

—The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, a serial by Mrs. Burnett, published years ago in *Peterson's Magazine* has been revised, and will be republished by a newspaper syndicate. Mrs. Burnett proposes, it is said, to dramatize the story.

—John Esten Cooke died suddenly of typhoid fever at his home. The Briars, near Boyce, Va., on Monday last. He was born at Winchester, Va., nearly fifty-six years ago. At the age of twenty, after four years' study in his father's law-office, he abandoned the pursuit of the legal profession and became a professional writer. As a Confederate soldier, on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, he was present at nearly all the Virginia battles. At the time of the surrender at Appomattox, in which he took part, he held the position of Inspector General of Horse Artillery. General Stuart's wife was Mr. Cooke's cousin, and her brother, Gen. John R. Cooke, fought on the Union side. This brother and sister were the children of Gen. Philip St. George Cooke, of the United States Army. Mr. Cooke married in 1867 Miss Page, of Clarke County, Va., who died some years ago leaving three children. His writings relate almost exclusively to Virginia, and describe the life, manners and history of the people. His war books, recording his observations and opinions of the war in Virginia, are written in a generous spirit. His works in book form are: 'Leather Stocking and Silk' (1854), 'The Virginia Comedians' (1854), 'The Youth of Jefferson' (1854), 'Ellie' (1855), 'The Last Foresters' (1856), 'Henry St. John, Gentleman' (1859), 'A Life of Stonewall Jackson' (1863), 'Survey of Eagle's Nest' (1866), 'Mohun' (1868), 'Wearing of the Gray' (1867), 'Hilt to Hilt' (1869), 'Fairfax' (1869), 'Out of the Foam,' 'Hammer and Rapier' (1870), 'The Heir of Gaymount' (1870), 'A Life of General R. E. Lee' (1871), 'Dr. Vandyke' (1872), 'Her Majesty, the Queen' (1873), 'Pretty Mrs. Gaston and Other Stories' (1874), 'Justin Harley' (1874), 'Canolles' (1877), 'Professor Pressensee, Materialist and Inventor' (1878), 'Mr. Grantley's Idea' (1879), 'Stories of the Old Dominion' (1879), 'Virginia Bohemians' (1879), and a history of Virginia, which has been adopted as a text-book in the schools of his State. Mr. Cooke was

a frequent contributor to the magazines, and occasionally wrote an article for publication in *THE CRITIC*.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1191.—In Archbold's Blackstone, Vol. I., p. 246, is the following footnote, of which I should like to obtain a translation:—"In the old folio abridgment of the statutes, Printed by Letton and Machlinia, in the reign of Edward IV. (*pence me*) there is preserved a copy of the old coronation oath; which, as the book is extremely scarce, I will here transcribe:

'Ceo est le serement que le roy jure a soun coronement: que il gardera et maintiendra les droitz et le franchises de seynt esglise grauntes auncienment des droitz roys christiens d' Engleterre, et quil gardera toutes ses terres honours et dignites droitalement et franks del coron du roialme d' Engleterre en tout maner dentiere sans nul maner d'amenusement, et les droitz dispergez delapidez ou perdus de la corone a soun polair rappeller en launcien estate, et quil gardera le peas de seynt esglise et al clergie et al peuple de bon accorde, et quil face faire en toutes sez jugementes owel et droit justice oue discretion et misericorde, et quil grauntera a tenure les leys et custumes de roialme, et a soun polair les face garder et affermer que les gentes du peuple avont falties et esieez, et les malveys leys et custumes de tout ouster, et ferme peas et estable al peuple de soun roialme en ceo garde esgardera a soun polair: come Dieu luy aide.'

FAIRFIELD, N. J.

B. C. M., Jr.

No. 1192.—Will you be kind enough to tell me if one can be 'corrected' for writing *skilful* with one *l*, and *centre*, instead of *center*? I know full well that preference may be given to either, and that only half cultured people, who have never heard of any but Webster's Dictionary, could mark either of those words as 'incorrect.' Please substantiate me.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. H. M.

[Our own preference is decidedly for *skilful* and *centre*.]

No. 1193.—1. Who wrote 'Ginx's Baby'?—2. What is the best history of the United States to be read by a child from twelve to fifteen years of age?

CONCORD, N. H.

P.

[1. E. Perkins. 2. We should recommend T. W. Higginson's 'Young Folk's History of the United States,' #2, Boston, Lee & Shepard; or Horace E. Scudder's 'History of the United States of America,' #1.15, Philadelphia, J. H. Butler.]

No. 1194. Where can I find a poem of which the following fragmentary verse is a part?

We are growing old.

Lo! how the thought will rise
To a long remembered spot that lies
... that's in the past.

X. Q.

ANSWERS.

No. 1190.—I have a copy of a parody of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha' called 'The Song of Higher Water,' by James W. Ward, New York, 1868. It is a 12mo of thirty pages, cloth-bound, and the price is \$1.

86 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

THEO. BERENDSOHN.

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

Adams, O. F. September. 75c. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Bacon, E. M. Dictionary of Boston. \$2.00 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Bartholomew, John. Pocket Atlas of the World. \$1.00 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bishop, P. P. The Psychologist. \$1.50 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bolton, Sarah K. Stories from Life. \$1.25 T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Brooke, Rev. S. A. The Unity of God and Man. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Church and Gilman. The Story of Carthage. \$1.50 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Clarke, J. F. Vexed Questions in Theology. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Clarke, J. F. The Problem of the Fourth Gospel. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Crownshield, F. Mural Painting. \$3.00 Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Dawson, J. W. Handbook of Zoology. \$1.25 Montreal: Dawson Brothers.
Doubleday, C. W. Reminiscences of the Filibuster War in Nicaragua. \$1.25 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Fawcett, Edgar. A Gentleman of Leisure. 30c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ford, W. C. The American Citizen's Manual. \$1.25 G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Goethe. The Sorrows of Werter. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Grey, Henry. Pocket Encyclopedia. 25c. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Hale, Lucretia P. The Peterkin Papers. \$1.50 Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Morton, J. M. Comediettas and Farces. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Ogilvie's Popular Reading, No. 34. 30c. J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Ogilvie, J. S. 700 Album Verses. 15c. J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Pickings from Puck: Third Crop. 25c. International News Co.
Porter, David D. Naval History of the Civil War. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
Savage, M. J. Social Problems. 25c. Sherman Pub. Co.
Spender, Mrs. J. K. Both in the Wrong. 20c. Harper & Bros.
Swasey, J. B. New Essay on Man and Other Poems. \$1.00 C. T. Dillingham.
Thomas, Edith M. The Round Year. \$1.25 Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Williams, G. H. Modern Petrography. 25c. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.